

2 AM

Tyga

It's 2 AM in the mornin
Pressin my alarm again
Stressin over my mom and friends
Sometimes, I wish I was in a coma
Damn! Wakin up to the cold wind
Sometimes, I wish I was a kid again
Sometimes, I don't even wanna remember it
Cause one time I remembered what I couldn't forget
Damn! My stepdad beatin me again
for a bad grade, he must of had A's
The way he was hurtin me in a bad way
My mom hearin the scream but just turned away
what the fuck, are you people crazy?
I was only a baby, five months when they gave me
to my grandma, who was racist
but I ain't give a fuck, I just faced it
Like mace to the police, I was danger
Feelin like I'm in a manger
Baby Jesus, save me from the anger
She's tryin to get me, into this closet I vanished quickly
Fuck that, I took 50
from her purse bag, told her "Don't miss me"
I ain't comin back, catch me on another path
I need a bubble bath
Someone, take me in the plastic basket
Sittin on bubble wrap, I'm abandoned
I need a new home, that isn't damaged
A family whom care, to be parents
Errant, my life on the mic
Might wasn't raised too right, so I
had to decide to turn on the light
Do somethin right, before I'm layin with the mice
Rotten alone on my neighbor's stolen bike
Tryin to think what my afterlife, gon' look like
It gotta look right... it gotta look right...
Back to my bad life
Another day in the fast life got me feelin like I'm on the crack pipe
No lie, just the thought
of me gettin that type of high, but I'm in the dark
where the shadows, follow, your every walk
And as I move, I'm feelin like a shopping cart
Gimme this, gimme that son
What'chu mean - ain't you supposed to be my mom?
Why don't you ask God, I worked hard for these two dimes
I care what it's worth - just the fact that it's mine
Check your purse, don't you got
my life savings that you've been savin from birth?
Oh - I forgot you spent that
on your own gift wrap - I ain't get shit last Christmas
but a hug and a family wishlist for next year and shit
Huh! 'Round next year and shit
I'm gonna be on shit you can't even pronounce, in English
I got anger
That's why I paint these songs, visually painting
It's awful ain't it? A little (Pinky) in (The Brain)
But hopefully, time is the pain
Cause as of now, I just wanna run away... run away...

[Chorus]